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THE NATIONAL ERA.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 31, 1851.

For the National Era.

LIFE ON PRAIRIE DE LA FLEUR. - No. 9.

BY MARY IRVING.

CHRISTMAS ON THE PRAIRIE.

There is one festival, almost universal among the nations peopling Europe, which the Puritans
left or tried to leave behind them, when they
pushed from the dock of Leyden. It was no matcompanion; but he pleads on, though still more ter for wonder that, persecuted as they had been awkwardly by a church which they looked upon as a younger sister of "her who sitteth upon her seven hills," they should have thrown away the shadow

with the substance of its organization. With the creed and liturgy, they strove to bury all those harmless forms and festivals that had sprung up around them. They would pluck no flowers on the breast of a volcano threatening to blight and engulph their faith and fortunes. Better, had no "fiery stone" from the heart of that volcane been reserved "to cast" at brethren whose errors in judgment and practice were but the fruit of the same honest enthusiasm that had nerved them

Christ's mass " was of course particularly obnoxious to these well-meaning, though stern, reformers of faith and customs. "Heroes in heart and hand" indeed were they; let the few blemishes upon their strong, upright characters be and comfort, and a whole roof over one's head. Hotted out by a tear from that charity which hideth a multitude" of unwelcome memories!

It was not thus with all; there were many complete the strong of the and hand" indeed were they; let the few blem-

to tread a higher path.

It was not thus with all; there were many communities who clung to the associations of childhood in "old England," where the "yule log" had blazed so merrily against the high-backed commey, lighting up their young hearts with a new delight every year. But the stanchest of the sect sought to supplant the holyday, with its heathen usages," by the New England born, New England cherished festival-Thanksgiving

In the little village of my childhood's home, Christmas was scarcely honored by a notice in passing; indeed, I had nearly graduated from the age of sugar candies before I learned to echo the note of " Merry Christmas!" Of late years, however, the "good old Christmas time" has striven to renew its sway; and the Yankee children of this generation pay a most delighted allegiance to "Santa Claus," prime minister of its impor-

tant opening ceremonies. scarcely speaks its own name now; the frost-flowers are all that are left to gem and fasten its snow-veil. But the whistling winds have chosen it for their hall of revelry. Hark! how they rave and shrick along the sisles of the woodlandthen burst forth like unchained maniacs to fly over the unbroken race-course of miles on miles howling to one's fearful fancy the death-dirge of

some benighted, lost traveller. You need not stand to be stiffened into Niobe-like statue in their bitter breath. Hasten along with the cloud-shadows that sweep across this fitfully moon-lighted track-past the ghost like windmill-tossing its gaunt, bare arms, and creaking ominously to the cold evening storm.

Far down that glen is the frame of a prospect ive house, looming up in the cloudiness of the night. It promises a deal of roomy comfort in time for its occupants, whoever they may be. Peeping through the chinks of its beams is the hearth-fire of a low log cabin, snugly ensconced in the hollow behind it. It offers you a shelter from the bleak blasts-and a merry greeting, too, for it is " the night before Christmas, and all through the house" laughter is loudly ringing.

On the corner of the cracked hearth-stone site good Farmer Rathburn, puffing his pipe slowly. and looking into the coals as though he read lesson of contentment in every one of their sparkling faces. No dream-castle-builder he! he is thinking of his Alleghanian wheat-stacks and of the prospective "shingle palace" that is to grow out of their profits. His "hands" are clustered in the opposite corner, cracking rough jokes and hickory nuts together, and shaking the brown rafters with their uproarous merriment. The gude-wife, like a quiet queen-bee, is stepping "ir and out, and all about," "righting up" matters and things, with a special eye to her Christmas cake, whose unshapen sweetness is basking warm ly inside the chimney corner. Davie, her only child, sits on a log stool, "rectifying" his skates for the morrow, and whistling a low, puzzled accompaniment to the higher notes. He is a genuine slip of Yankee land, surely.

But there is a fair, serious face behind the frolicksome group. Jessie, the sweet Scotch daughter by adoption to the good couple, is whizzing her wool-wheel in the duskiest corner dreaming her own undisturbed dreams. See how her dark eyes dilate as they fix on the point of her dizzy spindle, over which the even thread is hurrying tirelessly. If Jessie were spinning out the thread of her own destiny around that spindle, she could not watch it more eagerly and abstructedly, nor with a deeper flush of emotion heaved up from her heart ever and anon to her cheeks. Ah! Jessie's memories and fancies are annihilating time and space to-night !

Listen-the laughter on the hearth-stone ha rased. The men have suddenly fixed themselves in their various positions; one with his chair tipped at an angle of forty-five degrees, and his feet braced against the broiling end of the huge back-log;" another crouched upon the hearth, his chin resting in his hands, and his elbows or his knees; but all their eyes were fixed upon Michael a German with a face like a withered russet apple, surmounted where the stem should be by a red flannel cap. Michael is telling, or rather chanting, a story of Christmas Eve in the dar, blessed old Germany of his childhood. The hysterious evergreen tree that used to hear such recious fruit springs up in fancy before them ang with lamps, and with the gifts of the Christ child! Then the family gathering around itgrandfather, grandmother, parents and childrenand Michael, growing garrulous in the rekin

fling warmth of his heart, forgets to translat his German soliloquy intelligibly. Jessie hums her wheel slowly, and yet more slowly, to catch every anecdote strung along the thread of the story; and when he stops at last, a blinding tear falls from her still open eye

to her hand, and a quivering sigh is pressed back by her suddenly-closed lips. Poor girl! she knows what gift her heart's hope would hang on that Christmas-tree—what the boon of the Christ-

by one, clamber up the ladder into the loft, paying their good-night compliments in Welch, German, and Scotch brogue. The representative of the last-named nation, indeed—a sturdy, rosefaced lad-stops before our industrious little wheelwhizzer, and tries to whisper something its buz-zing will drown. Nothing daunted, he slips the woollen band from its place in the groove, and watches, in a sort of reguish resentment, her efforts to remedy the confusion.

"Be awr' wi' ye, Andrew, ye ne'er-do-weel!" she exclaims, with half a frown, and a dignified wave of a hand not quite so white as a city damsel's, but quite as graceful in its gestures.
"Ye'll ne'er hearken to me, Jessie!" he pleads.

"Ye is neer hearken to me, Jessie! he pleads, in extenuation. "Ane o' yer country and kinsfolk, I suid be nigher to ye nor strange-folk!"

"Ye best ken for why no!" returns Jessie, in a very low, but decided, tone, turning her face determinedly away, and taking up her broken " Mind ye no o' lang syne to-night?" persists

the repulsed swain.
"O' the kirk in its bonny box trim, and the

"Ye'll no hear my say, Jessie? ye'll wear the willow for aye? "Nae, mon! I'll bide nae word to-night nor ne'er!" she answers, gathering up her womanly dignity, as she slips the band at last with a harsh vibration into its groove.

Andrew turns away ruefully to his dormitory, and the wheel swings faster than ever.

"What a blow!" speaks the farmer, from his chair, as he shrinks forward from a cool draught of air. "Next Christmas Eve will find us in the new house, if the summer prospers us!"
"It nae will be sae home-like!" speaks Jessie,

half-regretfully, glancing about and above her.

Mrs. Rathburn has seated herself, with chopping-knife and tray in hand, and a countenance whose mood of half-vexation quite contrasts with its expression of satisfaction, half an hour before. "Ah, you're always for old times and old fashions, Jessie," she answers, with a marked empha-sis in tone and in the fall of her knife upon the

the new!" returns Jessie, a strange sad expres-siveness compressing her lips and kindling her

still cheek. Snap! goes her thread for the first time; and Jessie bends to mend it with a feeling of relief in shielding her flushed face.

Jessie drops a tear down upon a plain gold ring—her betrothal ring—that was wedded to her finger just one short year ago this very even-

'I'll ne'er be false to it !" she murmurs, low "I wish you may ever see him alive, the runa-gate!" adds the other, in a tone embodying some

Don't get up a fret for Christmas Eve, anyhow!
Jessie! come here, child, and don't feel hurt!

"Ye've mye been kind and gude to me syne I
was my ain father's bairn!" she exclaims, choking down her sobs into composure, as she leans over the arm of his chair; and he strokes her bowed

"Dear me!" he soliloquizes, breaking the si-lence of a few minutes, "when I was a lad like Dave here, Christmas was no more than any other week-day! and Popish enough would the fellow have been reckoned who had marked it out in his almanac, and chopped a chip the less for its coming !"

"What's the use ?" asks Davie. "It's the morn o' the Saviour's birth-time!" chimes in Jessie, reverentially.

"True, my girl, so they say-and if it be or be "True, my girl, so they say—and, if it be or be not as some wise clergy opinionate, why, there is no harm in judging it so, I argue. We must beg his blessing, and go to the rest he gives us. Put by your spinning and skates, my children; and, David, read the first chapter out of Saint Luke."

The simple prayer is said; Davie has scampered up the ladder after his predecessors; the old couple are snugly tucked into their curtained recess; and Jessie sits down alone with the blackening could.

ing coals. At first she bends her head into her checked-apron, and sits motionless on the hearth; then, drawing it up with a short sigh, she mur-"Ane twelve month syne! but I mauna

With one long glance at her ring, she draws from her pocket a pair of worsted red and brown mittens, tastefully and secretly wrought for a Christmas present to Davie, whose blue sock hangs from the chimney pole, open-mouthed to Santa Claus; and she commences narrowing off

She has a watcher from above. Davie is a long-headed boy, and he has a secret slumbering in that head to-night, which circumstances will doubtless develop; at present it only peeps out of his shrewd, half-winking left eye, which is bent to the chink in the floor beside his mat-bed. "I'd give a sixpence to know what that Jessie is brewing! It can't be for Andrew; no, there he is snoring away in the loft corner, as stupidly as though she hadn't sent him up with a flea i his ear! It can't be for that scape-grace of Pierre, whom she loves better than her two eyes, because he's beyond land and seas, and I hope he'll stay there! I wonder!" he adds, pulling a folded square from under his pillow slyly and consequentially, and, holding it to the flickering

consequentially, and, holding it to the flickering ray from beneath, "New York," he reads the superscription curiously. "It can't be he, anyhow," he decides at last. "Her fingers must therefore be stitching and manœuvering for my honorable and distinguished self. Hum! I'm a lucky chap! I wish she'd be done, though, hang up her stocking, and give a fellow a chance to pay her back in her own coin," says he, tucking the letter under his bolster. "Heigho! I'm tired of stretching my eyes open for her; and what-in-the-world kind of sight shall I have at a partridge to-morrow? Ugh!" as a fresh blast rattled against the chimney, and shook the snow-flakes down the crannies of the roof, he pulled his blanket over his shivering shoulders. "A time of it t over his shivering shoulders.

Santa Claus 'll have, poking down our chimney, I'm sure! I hope he'll not send the old roof rattling about our ears! Not stirring yet down there! Well, well! I'll tuck in, and wake to the start of her in the morning !"

David turns over to his straw pillow, and falls

David turns over to his straw pillow, and falls asleep in three minutes' time.

Jessie, too, stops to listen to the blast, and shudders involuntarily as the thought of her betrothal night—aclear, calm, star-lit, heaven-litnight—comes over her, and she feels as if the whole world had changed with her changing destiny. She fastens the last tapering thread of the gay mittens, holds them proudly up in the fire-light, and then hastens to fold and tuck them, with a huge red apple, into the gaping mouth of the overbanging stocking. She softly buries the few pale embers in an avalanche of ashes, and stoeps a moment to muse over them.

moment to muse over them.
"Forgotten! Nae, nae! it manna be! it canno by—he wad be nigh me, this trysting night! sure he kens I would ne'er dread his wrath !" and she glanced around, half hopingly, half superstitionaly. "I'll nae greet!" and she dashes off a large tear that has swelled up in defiance of her resolution.

resolution. "I'll awa' to dream!"

We will leave Jessie in those dreams to-night;
asking that in their echoes she may hear the angels sing over again the song of "Peace on earth
and good will to men!"

"Bad luck to all-sluggards and sleepers !" ex-claims David wrathfully, in the cool of the morn-ing, as he shakes himself out of dream-land, and catches the flickering of the morning fire upon the frosted shingles over-head.

child to her should be!

Nine o'clock! strikes the Yankee-born clock on the slab shelf; and, rousing themselves to a subdued, half-thoughtful laughter, the workmen, one dued, half-thoughtful laughter, the workmen, one and the creatures ganged awa'!"

creation sent them driving over the prairie this bitter night?" he adds, sotto voce, as he draws on his blue hose. "All's up, now! Jessie stirring before me, and my chance lost! Well, she shall pay for this, by waiting my while now!"
"Davie!" calls his mother, as he swings down

the ladder-rounds, and towards the door go without a drop of something warming. Here's a mug of coffee, lad!"

"Coffee be confounded!" he exclaims, impa-tiently kicking one slipper into the fire, which Jessie as dexterously rescues with the giant

tongs.
"Thank ye, Jessie!" he condescends to say, half in shame, taking a scorching roll from her hand; "you're a rare sis for a cross coot of a fel-

Will you peep out on the prairie, after your sumptuous breakfast, reader? The storm has flown howling back to its den, and left its amphitheatre to the brisk wind that always plays over the prairie. It has left its foot-prints however as well as its snow-cloak, behind it. Yonder, miles claims, suddenly, turning full upon him a face in which tender and resentful memories are strong-ly blended with rising tears. all the rails that ran east and west have been linked in the overthrow, and the pastures are mingled into one, to-day. The windmill has been whirling all night without the help of its wings, and now it looks grim and frosted in the morning light, as though its joints were stiff from their play with the storm. Yonder is a barn lying on one corner; the sheep are scampering off, withone corner; the sneep are scampering on, without a fold or a shepherd, to pastures unknown. There is Farmer L's house unroofed, surely!

What will the poor children do for a Christmas covering to their heads? Ah! well, every latch. string on the prairie hangs out to them, and no one of them shall want the choicest bit of the Christmas dinner's pudding or turkey to-day. Here come the sleighs in merry jingle! Don't

criticize them; their pattern is not from Yankee land, certainly; but if "the beauty of a sleigh-ride is its enjoyment," as a friend once said to me, why then, none of you can boast more, even in the line of the beautiful, than these Chrismas riders on their comical sleds. There goes a "jumper," darting over the soft snow like a bird across cloud. It was framed by its owner last evening from a couple of long hickory poles, curved in at the end, and joined by a few plants loosely put together; and if it fall apart in mid-prairie, so much the merrier for him, his wild companion,

These people are not of "the aristocracy," even of this corner of America. They are among the lineal descendants of Adam, who carn their bread, like their superlatively great grandfather "in the sweat of their brow;" and who, if they take only one holyday from the labors of the year will claim it for Christmas, in memory of the "ould countrie" across the wide ocean.

Have a care of the frost, friends! It claims toll of all who invade its domain to-day, and thick

and wilder colt!

in shielding her flushed face.

"Better an' you did, child!" replies the good woman, laconically; and the farmer shakes his grave gray head thoughtfully, as he stirs with a long poker the fading coals.

"Andrew ris' in a huff to-night!" puts in David, slyly, from his stool.

"You may look farther and fare worse, I tell you!" exclaims her mother, more decidedly.

"Andrew is a likely lad, and better to do than some I could speak on! You keep to a shadow—foolish girl!"

There is no service to-day in that speck of a

There is no service to-day in that speck of a church that you spy afar by the woodland. Pres-byterians cannot quite follow their Episcopal brethren in this form; and those who are neither one nor the other care for little besides feasting and frolicking.

But the rides are over—save where the drunk

But it is not of Christmas in Puritan land that anxiety and more contempt; and Jessie bursts into tears.

I have promised you a sketch. Come, then, on the wing of imagination from the home of my the wing of imagination from the home of my in a peace-promoting tone. "Jessie is a likely and so widely upon Christmas day!

with a little knot of old friends, and his neigh-bors from the unroofed domicil yonder. Jessie has forgotten her dreams and her griefs in the excitement of responsibility for the perfection of her goose sauce and plum-pudding.

"Bide a bit, bairnies!" she urges, as the hun-gry children crowd around her, sadly to the dis-

coure of her operations. "Oh! aunty Jessie, give I and Henry a corn

dodger !" clamors one, as Jessie turns the article from the flat stone over the hot ashes. "There! tak' it, and gang awa' wi' ye a'!

The dinner is over, the fragments carefully gathered up by the same heedful hands that spread the luxurious board. The guests have vanished; the children, with buns and cakes in hand, have sauntered into some neighbor's kitchen. Jesse's own tireless hands, too, have washed every china cup and platter, rubbed each to glossy whiteness, and set it into the old-fashioned crockery cabinet,

opened only on state occasions—an heir-loom from generations passed away.

Jestie takes up her coarse blue knitting—for her busy fingers would ache if idle for a moment and seats herself on the chintz-cushioned settee by the low window, to look out and muse. Davie stalks in presently, stacks his gun above the mantel-piece, then throws a brace of par-tridges at her feet, and himself down beside

"Ye're in luck, laddie," she observes, looking at the still feathers, whose changeable beauty is disfigured by blood-stains.

Backwoods children are trained by stern cessity to look upon the shedding of a wild bird's or beast's even innocent blood, with other eyes than those whose daily meat is gained through the hands of a butcher, behind whose shambles the hands of a butcher, behind whose shambles they, of course, never cast a glance or thought. The pioneer invades the territory of bird and beast, and is forced to keep good his title for a time, by perpetual warfare with those who claim the right of possession. Pigeons come down in clouds, to root up every blade of corn in his hardly-earned clearing; wolves steal into his sheep-fold; rabbits burrow and gnaw ruin in his bit of a garden plot; nameless birds of the air steal away his precious little store of home-raised fruit. He has no adequate means of defence except his gup, and he often learns to use it too except his gun, and he often learns to use it too

remorselessly.

"I shot them on the wing, Jessie!" he exclaims, with warmth; then suddenly lowering his tone—
"Jessie! what'll you bid for a secret? Anything better than these mittens—they beat buckskin hollow for keeping a fellow's fingers warm—that's

"A secret! for why-for who?" " For the bonniest lassie I've set eyes on ; but

she must promise to forgive all my saucy tricks.

she must promise to forgive all my saucy tricks. Come—bid!

"Don't tease me, laddie! out wi' it, quick!"

"There, then," cried Davie, tossing the brownish, travel-worn square over her shoulder; "don't say Santa Claus didn't give you nothing, for he brought that in his budget, only I was too confounded cross. But what ails you, Jessie?"

Jessie has dropped her knitting to the floor, and grasped the letter spasmodically. She knows the handwriting too quickly and too well, though the post-mark be a strange one!

"What's come to you, Jessie?" insists the half-frightened boy, as she still sits speechlessly motionless, her parted lips growing paler every moment. "Pill call mother down, that I will!" and he springs to the ladder.

"Nae, nae, bide a bit!" she whispers, by a violent effort, the color coming back suddenly to her cheeks and forchead, as she starts up to hinder his call. "It's—it's only——oh! thanks be to Heaven!" and she burst into tears, the too full heart's overflowing.

Heaven!7 and she burst into tears, the too full heart's overflowing.

"Don't cry, Jessie! It ain't a black seal!7 pleads David, who in his boyish logic can conceive of only one cause for tears. "Don't spoil your eyes before you come to read it!"

"Bless ye, boy, it's me that! I kenned he was nae false. I kenned he was nae false. I kenned he was nae dead—I kenned it always here"—she pressed her hand to her throbbing side; "but my heart has been sair—sair weary o' waiting! Bide a while yet, laddie! I canna choose but greet!"

She lecens at last the buge red seal that fast.

She loosens at last the huge red seal that fastens the packet—and lo! two gold dollars roll from their hiding-place beneath to the boy's feet. David's involuntary shout and caper bring the family all down and about them, to share the joyful news that her glowing cheek strives in vain

to hide.

"Ah, Jessie! you needn't cover your face with
the check curtain! Come, I know it's from
Pierre, now; and by Yankee right of that guess
I have a right to know what's come to the chap!"

"Silence, David!" counsels his father, wisely.

"Jessie, girl, is it good news to you?"

Jessie lifts her tear-flushed face to him without speaking; but its silence is more expressive than words; and a smile breaks beamingly all over it, like the sunlight from under the fringes of a thunder-cloud, as she hides it on the shoulder of her adopted mother. That sunshine is reflected from every countenance save one. Andrew's still

"Plague on the cows, for a pack of barbarous wild critters!" he calls, in return. "What in creation sent them driving over the prairie this bitter night?" he adds, sotto vocc, as he draws on his bell, and hurries out to vent his spite by shooting—don't be alarmed, dear reader!—not him blue hose. "All's up, now! Jessie stirring himself, but the first unlucky partridge or rabbit

that meets his lowering eye.

And the letter! Oh! it explains all, and promises more than all! Jessie is the fiances of an enterprising young Frenchman, who went, a year ago to scrape together, among Californian rocks and rivers, the fortune his aristocratic father refused to the young couple. It was a wild scheme, to be sure; and no wonder that when month after month passed, and brought no tidings of him, every one but Jessie should shake their heads in orrowful distrust, at mention of his name.

sorrowful distrust, at mention of his name.

But he has found, where so many seek in vain.
Disciplined by toil and Illness, yet cheered by
success, he hastens his return; and this letter,
from his first landing-place, is the only one that
has reached her during eight long months.

Ah, Jessie! Never queen's heart throbbed more
triumphantly under her newly-donned royal ermine, than yours under that fook of purple stuff
to-night! Happy girl! for whom the course of
true love, that has run roughly enough, is at last
paved smoothly with gold! We will leave you
to your congratulations and your dreams. May
disappointment cloud them neve-1 or cloud only
to paint, as now, the rainbow on your heart when
the sunshine returns!

For the National Era. STRIFE AND PEACE.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS. " The buttle of our life is brief. The alarm-the struggle-the relief Then sleep we, side by side." LONGFELLOW

Yes, I shall sleep! Some sunny day, When bloscoms in the wind are dancing And children at their cheerful play Heed not the mournful crowd advancing, Up through the long and busy street They'll bear me to my last retreat.

Or else-it matters not-may rave The storm and sleet and wintry weather Above the bleak and new-made grave, Where care and I lie down together. Enough that I shall know it not, ath, in that dark, narrow spot

For I shall sleep! As sweet a sleep As ever graced a babe reposing, Awaits me in the cell so deep, Where I, my weary eyelids closing At length shall lay me down to rest. Heedless of clods above my breast.

Asleep! how still this pulse will lie, Rid of life's throb that beats so wildly How calm will be this restless eye, Erst bright with tears, now closed so mildly For not one dream of Earth will come To haunt the quiet of that home!

Oh, sweet Repose! Oh, Slumber blest! Oh. Night of Peace!-no storm, no surrow-No heavy stirring in my Rest, To meet another weary morrow! I shall not note nor Night nor Dawn, But still, with folded hands, sleep on.

Sleep on, though just above my head Prowl Sin and Misery's haggard faces-For the dull slumber of the Dead All sense of human woe erases Palsies the heart and cures the brain Of every fever throb of pain.

Armies above my rest may tramp-'Twill hot disturb one rigid muscle; i should not heed their iron stamp More than a leaf's complaining rustle Nay, were the World convened to break

And yet, methinks, if steps of those I've known and loved on earth were round m Save that I know this could not be

Well, be it so, since I should yearn And weep and watch for their appearing Chiding each ling'ring, late return, Forever sad, forever fearing-Its tragedy of Hope and Pain.

The warm, moist earth above my ashes Think what a Rest awaits my clay, And smooth the mound with tearless lashed

Think that with her the Strife is o'er, Life's stormy, struggling Battle ended Hope that her soul has gained that Shore Breathe the dear Hope above her sod. And leave her to her Rest-and God Marblehead, February, 1851.

I'r So much of our space has been occupied with this subject of Secession, that we hope to be able to close the discussion with the publication of this and one more number. Both sides of the question have been fully presented .- Ed.

SECESSION .- No. 1.

Mr. Epiron : Several communications have ap peared lately in your paper on Secession, which the writer appears to palliate church communion with slaveholders. In the National Era of September 26th last, your correspondent H. S. Fullerton, makes some observations on the subject. Having long taken your paper, and viewing the subject in quite a different light, perhaps you may find room for some further re-

marks.
"All Abolitionists," says the writer, "believe that the holding men as property is always sin-ful; that it ought to be declared a term of com-munion in every church; and that duty, as well as policy, demands the immediate emancipation of the enslaved." The sinfulness of American slavery has been proved, in abundant instances, to be entirely opposed to the holy law of God, to the whole spirit of the Scriptures of truth. I have seldom found even slaveholders to deny this perfect love to God and love to our neighbor as ourselves, shown by doing no ill to our neighbor, doing unto others as we would have others, do to

the Lord, "hang all the law and the prophets."—
Mutt. xxii, 40. The late Mr. Duncan's work on
Slavery illustrates this at large.
Your correspondent mentions every church;
probably alluding to the various assemblies of
professing Christians in these perilous times of
the latter days, foretold in 2 Tim iii, 1. We suppose he means the Roman Catholic church, the
Episcopalian, the Methodist, Baptist, (free-will
and regular,) Reformers, and many others, too tedious to mention. The Presbyterian creed seems
more particularly alluded to, and any other assemblies of promisquous characters which abound semblies of promiscuous characters which abound in the present day. We may reasonably suppose that no humble follower of Jesus of Nazareth, or that no humble follower of Jesus of Nazareth, or of the fishermen of Galilee, will presume to interfere with the discipline of those pseudo-Christian assemblies. No Christian expects to see unbelievers reverence the authority of the Almighty God, any further than it suits their worldly interests, or the fishions of the day. The Supreme Ruler of the Universe, as he suffered in former ages, in his wisdom, all nations to walk in their own ways, (Acts xiv, 16.) so he now suffers nations and professing churches. He has revealed his will to man—"invites us carnestly, but not compels." As we sow here, we shall soon vealed his will to man—"invites us earnestly, but not compels." As we sow here, we shall soon reap. Those who believe will reverence the authority of the Almighty, and "tremble at his word."—Isa. lxvi, 2. Those who believe not, will show it by disobedience. The churches of God, when first founded in Judea by the Apostles, (1 Thes. ii, 14,) and were exhorted to "stand fast, and hold the traditions which they had been taught, whether by word or epistle, were churches of believers—persons who had turned from the service of sin to the service of God. None of those high-mindel worldly churches had then service of sin to the service of God. None of those high-minded, worldly churches had then arisen; they had no gentlemen clergy, no meeting-houses with high towers reaching up to the clouds, no titled Reverends or D. D.s., to turn them from the truth. To such assemblies the epistles of the New Testament were addressed, and are now, to all who tread in their steps—to the church at Rome, at Corinth, at Ephesus, at Philippi, at Colosse, and at Thessalonica. Reve-

Isa. i, 16, 17. "Undo the heavy burdens; let the National Convention. The first and most imoppressed go free; break every yoke"—Lsa. lviii, 6. Every man's present duty is to repent and turn from sin while it is the day of salvation, whether individuals or families, churches or na-tions, on pain of the certain wrath of the Al-mighty, either in this life, or in that which is to come, or in both.

All the reasonings of reformers who may agree or disagree—all the scurrilous epithets of proud politicians, in alluding to such as contend for the freedom of the immortal souls of dying men-all the ridiculous reproaches published by slaveryvindicating editors—all the soul-deceiving preachings and writings of men called clergymen, to the contrary notwithstanding—"the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness of men who hold the truth in unrighteonsness."—

Rom. i, 18. And we shall find many professors now holding the truth in unrighteonsness. now holding the truth in unrighteousn

Your correspondent observes that "Reformers disagree as to the best means of carrying out their principles." Proud human wisdom has ever disagreed to disobey the plain commandments of God. His language to such is-"Where was thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" Job xxxviii, 4. "With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him?"—Isa. xl, 14. Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? In mercy he condescencis, through his dear Son, to reveal his will to poor, blind, perishing man; but he asks not information from him. He hears in mercy the prayers of the contrite through the one Mediator. But he has purposed to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth, whether political or religious.—Isaiah

Your correspondent justly observes that there are but two great parties on earth—the church of God, and the world lying in wickedness. Those two parties are destined to be eternally separated; and it seems to be the will of God, that in cases they should be separated in this world. If believers are reproached as "Come-outers," "infuriated fanatics," "higher-law gentry," "ignorant zealots," as "whitened with the foam of sanctity," and such abusive names, too numerous to mention in the newspapers of the biscures effected by its use, and what it has effected one day, such as the Louisville Journal—still it real it can effect again. mains a plain commandment of God to all the followers of his Son, to come out and be separate from unbelievers, idolaters, and all unry courses—2 Cor. v, 14, 15, 17—in church fellowship-1 Cor. v, 11-though not in our ordinary

ship—1 Cor. v, 11—though not in our ordinary business; if so, we must go out of the world—1 Cor. v, 10. What the Presbyterian creed says, or Mr. Gordon says, in his sermon to which your correspondent alludes, will have but little weight with those whose faith is founded upon the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone. The language of Jehovah to all his opposers is—"Associate yourselves, O ye people, and ye shall be broken in pieces; and give car all ye of far countries; gird yourselves, and ye shall be broken in pieces. Take counsel together, and its shall come to nought. Speak the word, and it shall not stand, for God is with us."—

Iso, viii, 9, 10.

Messys. Sands—Gentlemen:

It is my duty to communicate facts in relation to the benedic effects of your Sarsaparilla. My wife was afflicted with inflammation and coreness of the stomach of the worst behavant headache, and last spring was attacked severely with inflammation, she heart of the many remarkshle cures effect by the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla, and commenced its use, which produced instant relief, and while in this situation, she heart of the many remarkshle cures of the situation, she heart of the many remarkshle cures of the situation, she heart of the many remarkshle cures of the situation and soreness of the stomach of the worst with inflammation and coreness of the stomach of the with inflammation and soreness of the stomach of the with inflammation and soreness of the stomach of the with inflammation and soreness of the stomach of the with inflammation and soreness of the stomach of the with inflammation and soreness of the stomach of the with inflammation and soreness of the stomach of the with inflammation and soreness of the stomach of the with inflammation and soreness of the stomach of the with inflammation and soreness of the stomach of the with inflammation and soreness of the stomach of the with inflammation and soreness of the stomach of the with inflammation and soreness of the stomach of the with inflammation an

LIBERTY ORGANIZATION.

HOOSOCK, RENSELAER Co., N. Y., To the Editor of the National Era:

DEAR FRIEND: Thee not only allows thy correspondents to speak plainly, but invites them to do so. This is right, and entitles the editor to the confidence and esteem of his country—for it diffuses different views upon the same topics through the same class of readers; a privilege that too many editors withhold from their

The importance of a reorganization of the friends of Union, of Freedom, and Humanity, it

All history, from the death of Abel to the present time, bears one continuous testimony, that all injuntion and despotism is a violation of the will of the Divine Mind, and repugnant to the in-stincts of men; and in all nations that have gone before us, where justice has been withheld and the natural rights of the people abridged, and this system persisted in, the Eternal Law of Retribuion has been vindicated by the downfall of the empire. Can we expect an exception in favor of be manifest to every reflecting mind, that so sure as time continues, and God holds nations amena-ble to his moral law, that our Government must modify some of its institutions, or experience the fate of those that have gone before it

Good or had examples in parents are powerful auxiliaries to virtue or vice in the children. A profane father will generally have profane sons—so with a Government. If the people ob-serve in its head a disregard of the plainest duties of justice, morality, and religion, they imitate

the example—corruption ensues, and virtue and union are destroyed. American Slavery is one of the most unmitigated systems of despotism the world has ever witnessed; the most extensive and complete generator of vice and corruption that human depray

ity can devise. It is a creature of law; and if its extension is limited at all, it must be limited by law. We, the people, are the law-makers, through our repre-sentatives chosen at the ballot-box.

In proportion, then, as we love God and his attributes—Justice, Virtue, and Liberty; as we love the Union and desire its continuance, and the prosperity and happiness of ourselves and fellow-men—so are we anxious to see the friends of the Union, of Justice, and good Government, erganizing for the preservation of those inesti-

mable blessings.

The course of governmental policy upon all general topics appears to be so nearly dictated by past experience, as to command almost comm

A strong navy and a considerable landed force to preserve peace" is, for the present at least, the settled policy of the country. "Bank or no Bank" is an obsolete question. The policy of a high tariff has been tried and abandoned by its

The true Gospel Millennium-when all men shall recognise in God one common Father, and in the human family one common brotherhood, when "nations like kindred drops shall mingle into one"—is, I fear, too remote to make Free Trade an advisable article in the creed of a political party, whose organization is prompted by con-siderations of so much more immediate and prac-

The doctrine of Internal Improvement, cially of a National character, is gradually find-ing its advocates in all political parties, and may be safely left to command support upon its

The best disposition of the public domain is a question yet to be matured and carried out upon principles of enlightened patriotism and the progressive spirit of the age.

The friends of Justice, of Union, and Liberty, need not be separated upon any of these and other minor topics of national concern. They have their advocates and opponents in all sections of the Union, and among all parties of the day, and must claim, and will receive, the attention their

haracter and importance demand. And hence they should not be introduced as characteristic features of an organization whose motto is inscribed upon the arms of our Union—
"All men are equal;" "and for the preservation
of their equal rights Governments are established
among men, deriving all their just powers from
the consent of the governed."

As the friends and advocates of Slavery are laying aside all old party issues, and uniting under the common banner of despotism, and consequent corruption and dissolution, so I would leave the members of this new organization for Freedom not only at liberty to entertain and viodicate their own private opinions upon these subjects, but I would not even ask them to adopt either of the old party names; for, while either of the terms—
Whig or Democratic—implies all that we ask,
either of them would be naturally repulsive to
those who might wish to unite with us from the

opposite party.

The Buffalo Convention was one of the most The Buffalo Convention was one of the most sublime moral and political exhibitions of modern times—patriots from all sections and all parties blending their efforts for the common good. But exchanging their appellation of "Free Soil" for "Free Democracy," and a little too much credulity on the one hand, and more treachery and a good deal of wire-pulling on the other, they were swallowed up of Hunkerism. Let us learn wisdom from what we, and our cause, and our country, have suffered. With a distinctive organization, let us have a distinctive appellation. If "Liberty Party" is not acceptable, let. it be "Liberty Party" is not acceptable, let. it be "Liberty Party" ar "Republican Party," or even tion, let us have a distinctive organization, let us have a distinctive appellation. If it number they were about fifty, commanded by their own chief, and decorously obelient to his "Union Party," or "Republican Party," or even blend the two old ones, "Democratic Whig Party." But that may be left also for the choice of those who may be selected to represent us in a drawn by six white horses, and contained thirty

portant step is, to organize. Organize for " Union and Liberty, one and insepnow and forever.

Will thee not invite an interchange of sentiment through the press, and an expression of the sentiments of thy patrons through the mail?

Truly thine

W. P. S. Truly thine

AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY .- No. 14.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK.

Next to granite formations, hornblend rocks occupy the highest positions upon our globe. To some extent the hornblend and granite formations some extent the hornblend and granite formations are intermingled with each other. Mica and hornblend are not unfrequently found in the same mass other guilds in the brilliancy of its displays. The or even range of rocks. This combination, composed of quartz, felspar, mica, and hornblend, is peared with their engines beautifully decorated, or even range of rocks. This combination, composed of quartz, felspar, mica, and hornblend, is called signific granite, as it contains all the ingredients found both in granite and signific. Gneise rocks also contain very often both mica and hornrocks also contain very often both mica and hora-blend; the former giving them a slaty structure, the latter increased durability. Hornblend gneiss the latter increased durability. Hornblend gneise is an appropriate name for such a combination. Masses of pure hornblend sometimes have a slaty structure, as found in considerable quantities in the vicinity of New York and Baltimore, in both of which cities it is used for building purposes. It may be called slaty hornblend. Fine grains of the form of a proposition, "even to the hubs of the wheels," their firemen had ingeniously raised their ladders in the form of a proposition, "even to the hubs of the wheels," their firemen had ingeniously raised their ladders in the form of a proposition of the form of a propositio may be called slaty hornblend. Fine grains of quartz are frequently interspersed through hornblend of a slaty structure, properly called hornblend slate. Crystallized hornblend is not uncommon. Such crystals are found in considerable quantity and of much beauty in Franconia, New Hampshire in connection with iron mines, we would be a such as the fremen had ingeniously raised their ladders in the form of a pyramid, on the summit of which were properly called hornblend slate. Crystallized hornblend is not uncommon. Such crystals are found in considerable quantity and of much beauty in Franconia, New Hampshire in connection with iron mines, we would be a lady for the occasion. common. Such crystals are found in considerable quantity and of much beauty in Franconia. New Hampshire in connection with iron mines, wrought there to some extent. Micacious iron ore, or mica largely and richly impregnated with iron, is found in Franconia, furnishing incresting specimens for mineral cabinets, as well as raw materials for ironmasters.

terials for ironmasters. Next to granite and hornblend rocks, lime formations constitute the highest mountain ranges. dences have been published, and who are still bearing daily testimony to its worth. The whole history of medicine has

FROM KENTUCKY. INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM CURED. BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY, July 10, Your -Gentlemen :

Read the following, from New Orleans: NEW ORLEANS, November 12, 1849. sars, Sands-Gentlemen :

take the liberty of sending you a letter which may be Take the liberty of sending you a letter which may be of operatance to those who are suffering as I have done. I relived great benefit from your Sarsaparil a, having been ared of a malady after suffering six years. I hereby cheerily certify to the good effect of your medicine, and I hope of will reward you for all the good you have done. A Not long after trust particus enterprise in Buston, the Philadelphia boys, of course aided by the girls, prepared small geological cabinets, which they sent to all the counties in Pennsylvania, and in addition a large callettion to the library and, in addition, a large collection to the library rooms in the State Capitol, during the session of

the Legislature. That same Legislature ordered a geological survey of Pennsylvania. Within a year past the Washington boys and appears to me, cannot be too strongly urged upon public buildings in that city, which they have dis-tributed by various public functionaries, both of this and other countries, very widely over the world. The result of such a force, with a moperiod, a "Cariner of Nature and Art" in every school in our Union, the whole making some eighty thousand "Explosing Agencies" to develop and apply the mineral and other natural resources of our country; also, to provide a safety value for the surplus boy power now exhibited

From the London Times. THE BIRTHDAY OF A STATE.

In order to appreciate the story we are going to subjoin, the reader must recollect that three short years ago the name of California con veyed no more impressive ideas to European or even American ears than that of Kamtschatka or Bhootan. The country itself was a vast un-explored desert, and the shores of the Pacific about San Francisco were scantily tenanted by a few scores of Russians and Spaniards, who lived without rivalry or suspicion, and who hand, and the terrible scene is now in complete scarcely waited for the sanction of their redarkness. spective Governments to effect such changes or sales of ground as convenience might suggest. Nobody knew or cared whether the enormous tract beyond contained inhabitants or not, and tract beyond contained inhabitants or not, and a journey across its plains was considered as remarmable as a journey through central Africa. If we were to speak at this moment of the province of Sonora, it is probable that nine-tenths of our readers would be without any distinct conception of the locality referred to; yet Sonora is the next "county" to California, and, in 1847, one region was about as well known as the other. This remote district is now the seat of a pow-

erful independent State—a State which has been founded and constituted, from beginning to end founded and constituted, from beginning to end, in about thirty months time, and which, though junior in political birth even to the French Republic, has obtained a formal recognition of its existence, and is exercising all the functions of an organized Commonwealth. When the precious metals of Potosi and Peuu were first poured into Europe, the discovery exerted an instar ous influence on the affairs of the Old World, but failed to create any corresponding movements in the New. The treasures of California, on the contrary, have hitherto wrought their chief won-ders in the land of their production; and, though they have not yet materially affected the curren cy of Europe, they have called into being, at the extremities of the Pacific, a community unparalleled in the manifold fusions of races or combinations of men. Apart, therefore, from the amusing features of the following sketch, we seriously commend to the reader's observation the extraordinary purport of the scene, as an earnest of what the industry of all nations may succeed in ompounding.
The 29th day of December was selected by the

Californians as the birthday of their State—as a festival to be celebrated in honor of their admis-sion to the American Union, and in this wise was the ceremonial solemnized. As the day broke upon San Francisco, the American banner, augmented by an additional star, was hoisted in the centre of the town, under a "federal salute" of centre of the town, under a "federal salute" of artillery. The echoes were taken up by the ships in the harbor, and the flags of every country under the sun found their appropriate place. Then commenced the procession, which, according to the scatiments of the reader, may be likened either to the tournament in Ivanhoe, or the opening pomp of a pantomime. First came the Chief Marshal, in white and gold, and his staff, in skyblue and silver. Next followed the "Mounted Californians" who would we are told have been blue and silver. Next followed the "Mounted Californians," who would, we are told, have been stronger had they not been disappointed in horses. They were succeeded by the "Californian Pioneers," who carried a banner of white satin, fringed with gold, and charged with a device exhibiting a pioneer just landed, who strikes off a piece of rock with his hammer, and discovers the State seal of the community underneath. From his mouth issues the exclamation, "Eureka," while by his side stands a native in a genuine at-

while by his side stands a native in a genuine at-titude of dismay. After these, followed "the Guards," commanded by "Captain Howard," an aristocratic battalion, which appeared in new uni-forms for the occasion, and attracted particular applause. The offices of the State and of the revenue filled up the interval between the mili-

WHOLE NO. 222. little boys, dressed in "white shirts, black pan

and liberty caps, each representing a State of the Union, while the honor of impersonating Cal-ifornia was reserved to a beautiful little girl, who stood in the middle, arrayed in white satin, with a wreath of roses. The car bore a motto of political significance.—"The Union: it must be preserved." From the representatives of Federation, the pomp descended to the delegates of the province. The Mayor and Aldermen appeared in dark-blue scarfs, with gold trimmings and white armlets, and were followed by the police, who, in this land of freedom, form an integral part of the procession, instead of escorting it. They mustered "in strong force" under colors of naure satin, and "six carriages, one engine, two suctions, and

Forgetting for a moment the decorative fea-tures of this exhibition, let the reader consider the extraordinary character of the facts it sym-bolized. Here was a community of some hun-dreds of thousands of souls, collected from all quarters of the known world—Polynesians and Peruvians, Englishmen and Mexicans, Germans and New Englanders, Spaniards and Chinese-all organized under old Saxon institutions, and actually marching under the command of a Mayor and Aldermen. Nor was this all—for the externormal portized State had demanded and obtained its admission into the most powerful Federation in the world, and was recognised as a constituent part of the American Union. A third of the time which has been consumed in erecting our houses of Parliament, has here sufficed to create a State, with a territory as large as Great Britain, a pop-ulation difficult to number and destinies which none can foresee.

From Blackwood's Magazine. THE RESCUED CRIMINAL.

A great number of persons who know the celebrated Dr. B-, a professor of the College of Surgeons, have often heard him relate the following anecdote:

One day that he had procured the bodies of two criminals, who had been hung, for the purpose of anatomy, not being able to find the key of the dissecting room at the moment the two subjects were brought, he ordered them to be deposited in

were brought, he ordered them to be deposited in an apartment-contiguous to his bed-room.

During the evening, Dr. B.—— wrote and read as usual, previous to retiring to rest. The clock had just struck one, and all the family slept soundly, when all at once a dull sound proceeded from the room containing the bodies.

Thinking that perhaps the cat had been shut up there by mistake, he went to see what could be the cause of the unexpected noise. What was his astonishment, or rather his horror, on discovering that the sack which contained the bodies was

torn asunder, and on going nearer, he found that one of the bodies were missing!

The doors and windows had been fastened with the greatest care, and it appeared impossible that the bedy sould have been stolen. The good doctor felt rather nervous on remarking this, and

it was not without an uneasy sensation that he began to look about him, when, to his horror and amazement, perceived the missing body sitting upright in the corner. Poor Dr. B——, at this unexpected apparation, became transfixed with terror, which was increased by observing the dead and sunkon eyes of the corpse fixed upon him; whichever way he moved, those dreadful eyes still followed him. The worthy doctor, more dead than alive, now began to beat a quick retreat, without, however, losing sight of the object of his terror; he relosing sight of the object of his terror; he re-treated step by step, one hand holding the candle, the other extended in search of the door, which he at length gained; but there is no escape, the spectre has risen and followed him, whose livid features, added to the lateness of the hour and

prive the poor doctor of the little courage he has left; his strength fails, the candle falls from his The good doctor has, however, gained his apartment, and thrown himself on his bed; but the fearful spectre has still followed him—it has caught him, and seizes hold of his feet with both hands. At this climax of terror, the doctor loudly

the stillness of the night, seem to conspire to de-

Whoever you are, leave me!"

At this, the spectre let go its hold, and moaned feebly these words— "Pity, good hangman! have pity on me!"

The good doctor now discovered the mystery and regained, by little and little, his composure He explained to the criminal, who had so narrow-

He explained to the criminal, who had so narrowly escaped death, who he was, and prepared to call
up some of his family.

"Do you, then, wish to destroy me?" exclaimed
the criminal. "If I am discovered, my adventure
will become public, and I shall be brought to the
scaffold the second time. In the name of humanity, save me from death!" The good doctor then rose and procured a light; he muffled his unexpected visiter in an old dressing gown; and, having made him take some restoring cordial, testified a desire to know what crime had brought him to the scaffold.

He was a deserter. The good doctor did not well know what means to employ to save the poor creature. He could not keep him in his house and to turn him out would then, was to get him into the country; so, having made him dress himself in some old clothes, which the kind doctor selected from his wardrobe, he left town early, accompanied by his protege, whom he represented as an assistant in a difficult case upon which he had been called in.

When they had got into the open country, the wretched creature threw himself at the feet of his benefactor and liberator, to whom he swore an eternal gratitude; and the generous doctor, having relieved his wants by a small sum of money, the grateful creature left him, with many blessings and prayers for his happiness.

About twelve years after this occurrence, Dr. B —— had occasion to visit Amsterdam. Hav-ing gone one day to the bank, he was accosted by a well-dressed man-one who had been pointed out to him as one of the most opulent merchants

of the city.

The merchant asked him politely if he were Dr. B———, of London, and on his answering him in the affirmative, pressed him to dine at his house; which invitation the worthy doctor accepted. On arriving at the merchant's house, he was shown into an elegant apartment, where a most charming woman and two lovely children welcom-ed him in the most friendly manner; which reception surprised him the more, coming from persons he had never before met.

After dinner, the merchant, having taken him into his counting-house, seized his hand, and having pressed it with friendly warmth, said to

"Do you not recollect me?"
"No," said the doctor.
"Well, then, I remember you well, and your features will never be obliterated from my memory—for to you I owe my life. Do you not rememry—for to you I owe my life. Do you not remember the poor deserter? On leaving you, I went to Holland. Writing a good hand, and being a good accountant, I soon obtained a situation as clerk in a merchant's office. My good conduct and real soon gained for me the confidence of my employer and the affections of his daughter. When he retired from business, I succeeded him, and became his son-in-law; but without you, without your care, without your generous assistance, I should not have lived to enjoy so much happiness. Generous man! consider henceforth my house, my fortune, and myself, as wholly yours."

The kind doctor was affected even to tears;

The kind doctor was affected even to tears; and both these happy beings participated in the most delightful expressions of their feelings, which were soon shared by the merchant's interesting family, who came to join them.